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JUNE, 1942

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UNCLE SAM

By Sally Sessions

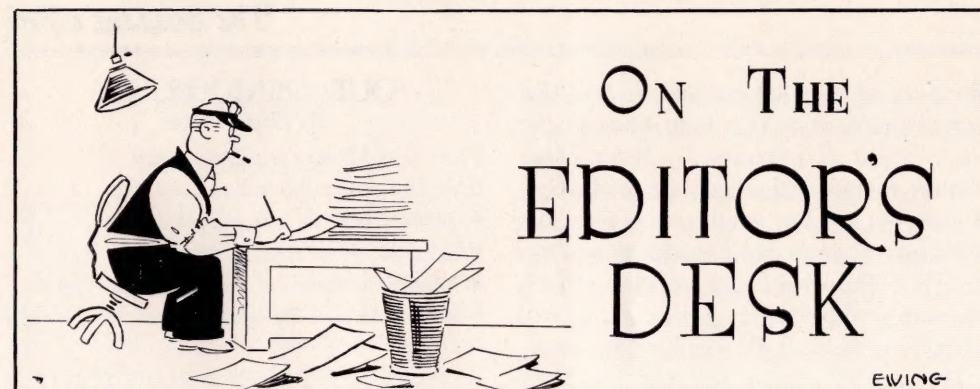
Tall as the sapling deep in the wood,
Strong as the wild raging torrents of flood,
The spirit of wind races swift in his blood;
He stands alone.

Wise as the now fabled sages of yore,
In a body of steel his brave heart is the core;
His voice is as deep as the great cannon's roar;
He stands alone.

Handsome he is as a stalwart Apollo,
Gray is his hair 'round his head like a halo,
Straight is his glance as the flight of a swallow;
He stands alone.

Gentle he is as the fall of the night,
And, as is fair, he puts right over might,
Courteous, true, as the courtliest knight;
He stood alone.

But now he has allies as brave and as true,
Who fight to keep freedom for me and for you,
He will always belong to the red, white and blue;
He is our own.



For a Future Peace

By Modestino Criscitiello

"That the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

What thought more clearly expresses the American "creed" than those undying words of Lincoln. They came from the very soul of that great man and state briefly the purpose to which he devoted his life. Likewise, they state the cause for which untold thousands of fine men have lived—and died—since his time. Such men were they who died on the field of battle in the last great war. They have been resting quietly for more than twenty years, resting in the eternal peace of death. They lived and fought and died for peace.

For more than twenty years, we have been living in the peace which they created—but now, we have lost it. We have lost it to the ever-present, the ever-threatening forces of hatred and greed. In truth, this hatred and this greed are, in part, of our own making. We have failed to make that peace a lasting one.

With the horrors of war again shaking the earth, the spirits of those brave men have been stirred anew. They are calling upon us to do again what they did before us. To win a war? Yes, but beyond that they are asking us to perform a duty which, in comparison to

that of winning the war, will be far more tremendous, far more difficult. They are asking us to build a future of permanent peace, a peace which will guarantee the everlasting existence of all that is good, a peace which will provide opportunity for men to work and live as decent human beings should work and live, a peace which will preserve the high forms of art and culture of all races and which will keep burning the desire for human progress. Such a peace we must have, even if the mortar of its foundation must be mixed with our very life-blood!

To build a secure future of this sort will be a tremendous job for all. Each one of us, down to the very last man, must learn to forget the grudges and dislikes of the past. We must suppress the overwhelming desire to wipe out every vestige of our enemies. Instead, we must, in the present war, force the aggressors to put down their arms and then set about teaching them the proper way of life. We must share our resources and our opportunities unselfishly with all nations so that there will no longer be any place for want in the world. In this way only, may we be certain of an everlasting peace.

To those students who have yet a few more years of study before them in Pittsfield High we say, "Make the best of the fine

education which is offered you, so that you may be prepared to take your place in the better world of tomorrow." Those of us who are seniors will shortly be graduating, all going our separate ways, each of us taking a different place in the community and national life. Though we may see little of each other, we shall be bound together in this great enterprise—we shall all be building for peace.

The work of winning this war lies chiefly upon the generation of today. They will win it! The work of building the peace after the war will rest upon us, the generation of tomorrow. God help us to do it right! If we fail, those men who lie in Flanders Fields and those soldiers who have given their lives at Pearl Harbor and Corregidor will never sleep in peace.

Why War Bonds

By Paul Perry

MANY people have asked the question: Why has the government started calling our Defense Bonds and Stamps "War" Bonds? Why, they ask, do we need a different name for them? Well, listen, America! Listen, and learn why we call them that.

When the Japanese stabbed us in the back at Pearl Harbor, we were in a "defensive" state of mind. All our policies were based on *defending* our country from aggression. Up to Pearl Harbor that was all right. But that raid automatically made obsolete all previous thoughts of defense. It fanned the flame of war feeling to a white-hot heat, and whipped the people into a frenzy of rage. We were through with defense. Our watchword now was action!

Production increased sharply in the month following our entry into the war. The attack on the Philippines came. American troops were driven back, until they held only Bataan Peninsula, Corregidor, and scattered points over the islands. Hong Kong was cap-

OUR DEMOCRACY
By Grace Heyn

The United States is a Democracy
Ruled by the people who all are free.
A place where all the people are one,
Where no one is made to worship a gun.
Where from dawn to dusk freedom reigns,
Where streets are untouched by human stains.
Where every Sunday church bells ring,
And happy people in unison sing.
Where every human being knows
The story of our proud Old Glory.
Where happy faces shine like the sun,
Where whistles tell when work is done.
High up on a cloud I'd like to be,
To watch the world we live in—
———This Great Democracy!

tured. Singapore fell. The Japanese juggernaut swept through the Dutch East Indies as far as Australia. We realized that our previous theories of defense were all wrong. The thing to do was attack—hit the enemy at a vital spot. Again our production increased. Airplane production alone has doubled since December 7, 1941.

But this enormous production is not enough. We must bring our weapons to the scene of battle and hit the enemy hard, first. Our troops and weapons have been pouring into Australia by the tens of thousands. Our troops are in Egypt, Iceland, England, India, Africa, Ireland—all over the world. We are fighting for our life. We are putting forth our utmost effort to stop the dictators. That is why they are called *War Bonds*! We are not defending any more—we are smashing at the enemy with all the strength at our disposal. We cannot have peace without victory, so now it is—buy *War Bonds and Stamps for Victory*.

"Poppy?"

By June Parker

"POPPY? Will you buy a poppy? Would you like a poppy?"

It was very monotonous saying the same words over and over again, and it was difficult to smile when my muscles ached from the top of my head to the soles of my feet, but still I kept at it. The afternoon sun was waning and a chilly wind blew around the street corner. Everybody seemed to have a poppy and they passed me with an "I-have-a-poppy-so-you-can't-pest-me" look. My spirits were just about as damp as the weather! Nobody had bought a poppy for over ten minutes and I felt like giving up. Then something happened.

A soldier walked by. I carried on a two-second debate about whether I should ask him to buy a poppy or not. He was getting only twenty-one dollars a month and probably needed every penny of it. Should I ask him?

"Would you like a poppy?" I asked timidly as he passed.

He walked a few paces beyond me, hesitated, and came back. I was surprised. Then he took out a handful of change: several pennies, a few nickels, two or three dimes, a couple of quarters, and a half dollar. He picked out a nickel (just as I expected) and was about to drop it in the donation box. Then he stopped. Slowly he drew back his hand from the box and exchanged the nickel for the half dollar. I blinked several times and wondered if my ears were all right when I heard the half dollar clink in the box.

I looked at this soldier, this young man who had given so much, this mere boy who would give so much in the future . . . perhaps his life. The tears welled up in my throat as I said, "Thank-you." This time I did not have to force a smile as I had had to do for so many other donations. Instead, a

smile came spontaneously, a smile of bewilderment and of pride tinged with a little sorrow.

I had never seen this soldier before. I shall probably never see him again. But to the prayers of his family and friends I add just a wee prayer of my own—the prayer that he will come home safely when the war is over and that on some distant Poppy Day in the future he may still smile bravely and give ten nickels for his poppy . . . in memory!

MEMORIES

By Paul Perry

(Dedicated to my brother, Leonard Perry, now at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.)

It seems that all about me I find things
To which a reminiscent memory clings,
And every day brings fresh reminders of
His ever-present kindness and his love.
Though he has long since answered duty's call,
His scarf still hangs unused upon the wall,
My Christmas gift to him on Christmas last,
The months between have slipped away too fast.

My brother, blood relation, next of kin,
How soon the world conspired to throw him in
The mow of war. And though he's gone away,
I hope that he'll come back again some day.
Halfway across the country, over there,—
Sometimes the loss seems more than I can bear,
I know he loves me, and I'll try my best
To make my faltering courage meet the test.

Such little things bring memories of him,
A picture, with his writing on the rim,
His bathrobe hanging limply on the door,
He left it there when he went off to war.
The watch he gave me when he marched away,
How well do I remember that sad day,—
Dear God, protect him now that he has gone,
And I will hide my grief and weep alone.

V

...—

Embarrassing Interlude

By Sally Sessions

KAREN WHITING ambled wearily into Gareth's corner drug store, her one aim in life at the present moment being a cool, ice-tinkling lemon coke. She sat down in one of the high walled booths and called her order to the freckled counter-boy. What a day! Why was it, she wondered, that the teachers thought hot weather an excellent time to start giving you more home-work? Oh well, only a few more weeks before summer vacation, and then teachers be hanged. She pushed back her mop of copper-red hair and examined her pretty brown-eyed face in the booth mirror. Not too bad, she decided after much deliberation. Her nose could use a little powder though. The boy brought her coke.

"Thanks, Bud. You don't know how much this means to me!"

He smiled back at her, "'at's okay, Karen. Want anything more, just holler."

She had only lived in Benton for a few months, and already she knew every soda-jerk within a radius of five miles well enough to call him by his first name. Somehow none of them seemed to mind. So far she hadn't made any enemies, except for that blond "cat", Lucille Robins. At first sight both of them had stiffened in instant dislike, and the attention that Keith Fairdon had given to the new red-head didn't help to smooth matters over, either.

Suddenly she heard the clatter of high-heels coming into the store, and started to look out to see who was approaching. Then she heard her name mentioned in a mocking, mincing soprano, and for the second time that day, stiffened indignantly at the voice. Lucille Robins! And what right had she to be talking about her? The three girls who had entered passed by her booth without seeing

her, and sat down in the one directly behind her. They continued their chatter in over-loud tones.

"Karen Whiting!" Lucille snorted, "She thinks she's hot stuff just because she comes from Boston. Did you see her making eyes at Keith Fairdon?" she laughed affectedly, "As if she could get him."

The other girls laughed too, and one said, still laughing, "Everyone knows he's crazy about you, Loo. Why don't you ever go out with him? We all know he's asked you, so for heaven's sake, don't try to act coy."

"Well—" she half admitted.

The girl went on without waiting for an answer, "She is pretty though," she reflected.

"If you like that type," Lucille admitted scornfully, "Personally, I don't care for it at all."

"Jealous, dear?" inquired the other smoothly.

"How silly! Why should I be jealous of her?"

They talked on, not aware that in the next booth was a girl whose face now matched her hair, and whose temper was rapidly rising to match both. Besides Lucille's, one of those voices would be Ann Hunton's, and the other Nancy Conner's, she decided. What could she do, though? To walk out would be the easiest and most effective thing, but maybe if she waited a while, they'd leave. She shrank into the corner of the seat, and tried to ignore the persistent voices. No use—she might just as well listen and learn.

"—and do you know what I heard about her?" the blonde Lucille demanded.

"No, what?" asked Nancy and Ann at the same time, leaning forward in their curiosity.

"I heard," Lucille's voice lowered impressively—but not too low, "that her uncle is in the state prison!" she awaited the effect of her statement on the girls.

"No!" they gasped avidly, "Who told you?"

"I said something about Karen Whiting to Dad last night, and he said, 'Oh, yes, she must be the one whose uncle is at the state prison,' and I think it's awful to have to associate with someone who probably has a whole family of—of—jailbirds!"

Karen stuffed her napkin in her mouth suddenly, her eyes screwed up in twinkling, roguish merriment. Oh—she was going to laugh and spoil it all—she knew it—but the next remark shocked her back into soberness quickly enough.

"I hate to be catty, but—"

("Like hang!" thought Karen, "There's nothing she enjoys more!")

"I'm sure she copies all of her English compositions from a book or paper. I know I've read them someplace before, and I don't see how she could get such high marks in Math—unless she cheats, of course. And she does sit right next to Connie Forrest, and you know that Connie always gets an A-plus in Math."

That was Lucille again, and Karen's eyes sparkled dangerously as she dug long, carmine fingernails into the table-top, trying to control her temper. Her one dislike was of embarrassing situations, or she would have confronted them at once. The half-finished lemon coke stood before her temptingly, but she made no move to drink it.

At this opportune moment, in walked Keith. Tall, broad of shoulder, slim of hip, with a tumbled shock of dark hair, deep blue eyes, and a flashing grin—it was no wonder he was popular. He walked by Lucille and her friends with a casual, "Hi, kids," and proceeded quite calmly to seat himself opposite Karen.

"Hello," he smiled companionably, "Is it okay if I sit here, and can I get you a soda?"

Karen nodded wordlessly. Lucille had just made a pretense of walking over to the counter to find out the time, so that she could get a good look at the person with whom Keith was getting so chummy. She went back quickly, eyes wide, face red, and whisperingly informed the girls of the circumstances. A series of gasps followed. Karen's sense of humor began to get the upper hand, and she actually started to enjoy the situation. Now they'd have to sit and writhe until she was good and ready to leave. She let Keith do most of the talking, punctuated only by a few yes's and no's from herself, as they leisurely finished their sodas.

"May I walk you home, and would you take in a show with me tonight?" he asked eagerly.

He seemed to have a faculty for asking questions two at a time, Karen reflected.

Lucille was now suffering acutely.

"I'd love it—to both questions."

They got up and started for the door, but half-way to it she stopped, as though just remembering something.

"Oh, wait a minute, Keith, will you? I forgot something."

"Sure thing," he leaned comfortably against the counter, and waited.

Karen deliberately walked over to Lucille's booth, in which sat three thoroughly uncomfortable young ladies.

"Lucille, dear," she said in a molasses-sweet voice, "I just wanted to clear you up on one matter . . . as to my uncle being in the state's prison. He is," her voice softened, "you see, darling, he's the warden!"

She walked back to Keith, who was beginning to show signs of impatience.

"Okay, now?" he asked.

"Everything's swell."

They left.—Five minutes later, Lucille and friends, looking shamefacedly around, left, too.

Trouble at the Big House

By Robert Ferry

THE sun, which normally streamed through unprotected windows, was hidden today behind a dark cloud which looked as if it had still more snow to shower on the small suburb, but Detective Donald Johnson was too busy to notice the weather. He was thinking over the past few days—the morning, five days ago, when he was called to the Big House, the poison in the ice-box, the fresh fallen snow, the footprints. But then, those were the pieces he had already failed to put together, maybe the answer was to be found elsewhere.

When Detective Johnson was a small boy, his mother had told him all about the Littlefields and the Pomeroyes. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pomeroy were wealthy folks who found Green Hill a pleasant village, near enough the big city for Mr. Pomeroy to get to work easily, (he was the head chemist for one of the great drug companies), yet far enough away to offer "country" advantages to their two daughters, Grace and Judith. The girls liked it, for they liked boyish things from mathematics to baseball and each disliked girlish things from hobble skirts to riding horses sidesaddle. Their chief hobby was chemistry, an interest which they shared with their neighbors, the Littlefields. John, David, and Helen Littlefield found that they had much in common with the Pomeroy girls and the five spent many hours together in an improvised lab. devising all sorts of strange smelling concoctions. As they grew up it seemed the most natural thing in the world for David Littlefield to marry Grace Pomeroy, and shortly afterward John became the husband of Judith. As for Helen Littlefield, she married her college math professor, Henry Abbott, a charming, handsome fellow. Helen was devoted to him, and both the Pomeroyes and the Littlefields accepted him

warmly, for except for occasional spells of moodiness and brooding, he had a genial, engaging personality.

For years the families had spent their Christmas holidays together, and now that the third generation of Littlefields and Pomeroyes were growing up the Christmas reunion was gayer than ever before. Grandfather and Grandmother Littlefield, Grandfather and Grandmother Pomeroy, David and Grace Littlefield with their Joan and Barbara, John and Judith with their Peter and Calvin, and finally Helen and Henry Abbott with their son, Henry, Jr., made a happy company. There was but one inharmonious note, but it was such a tiny, quiet one that no one noticed it in the blended harmony of joyous, loving voices.

Then one morning Mrs. Pomeroy in a calm voice, had telephoned for the police. Detective Johnson had gone up at once and had discovered bleaching powder in Grandmother Littlefield's orange juice. Don Johnson remembered that an inch or two of snow had fallen the night before and knew that no one could have gotten in, for it was a leisurely snow that started at nine and lasted two hours. The orange juice had been fixed at ten by the maid, just before she had gone to bed. She had had to take a larger glass to get all of Grandmother Littlefield's prescribed five ounces in. Then she had put the tray of glasses in the refrigerator. Imagine her surprise the next morning to be assailed by a "horrible odor".

Mrs. Pomeroy remembered the odor of chlorine from her college days and called the police. Detective Johnson knew chlorine and called his assistant, Alan Stuart.

Alan called the poison calcium hypochlorite and pointed out the bleaching powder can. There it was on the shelf over the wash

tubs in the basement laundry, decked out in a bright red skull and cross-bones, with the words "Poison, Antidotes—" too clear to leave any doubts about its being accidentally spilled into the juice. The box was surprisingly free from fingerprints.

Then Alan discovered footprints on the newly waxed stairs. Alan, by chance, spilled some lampblack and discovered on the side of the stairs near the wall the prints of the side of a foot. None of the prints was full enough for identification since the person had walked on the side of his foot. The same prints continued into the kitchen but again were incomplete. Yet there were no finger prints. After a search Detective Johnson discovered that the only people in the house who had bedroom slippers were Grandfather and Grandmother Littlefield, young Joan and Barbara, and Mrs. Pomeroy.

Don sat for a long time thinking. Suddenly he got up and called Alan. "Alan," said he, "I think I know who has been causing the trouble here. I will give you the details as I see them and if you get it the same way I do, you can tell it to the Assistant Chief. If he arrives at the same conclusion, then we can decide what to do."

The next morning Detective Johnson was again called to Big House. Professor Abbott had not come down for breakfast and when the family tried to rouse him, they discovered that something was radically wrong.

The doctor said "Poison," and Alan found nearby a glass partly full of water in which bleaching powder had been dissolved.

"A glass of that solution would be enough to kill three men," Alan exclaimed. "I think we have found our would-be murderer."

How did Detective Johnson know? Well, he reasoned somewhat like this.

The snow told him it must have been someone in the house. The person came down stairs on the side of his feet, he had to cross a wide stretch of cold linoleum and go down a flight of cement steps and across a cement floor to get the bleaching powder; yet he

wore gloves. Would he do it barefooted if he had slippers? Of course not. That automatically eliminated Grandfather and Grandmother Littlefield, Joan and Barbara, and Mrs. Pomeroy. And then there was the poison. Would any chemist put calcium hydrochlorite in orange juice which contains citric acid when the duty of bleaching powder is to form something that will bleach? The only two who did not know any chemistry were Grandmother Littlefield and the mathematics professor, and would Mrs. Littlefield have put poison in her own orange juice when she could have taken it in water as Professor Abbott later did? And the motive? Well, no one really knew, but they surmised that the professor had developed a complex and thought that Grandmother Littlefield was trying to turn Helen against him. When his plan for poisoning his mother-in-law failed, he took the easiest way out.

WHAT IS MIST?

By Sally Sessions

A shadowy path for the dawn to dance
Heralding newborn day;
A dream of night for Sol's bright lance
To pierce and scatter away.

A cobweb of silver to trap the earth
In its all-enfolding net;
A shimmering, lingering hint of mirth,
That, dying, lingers yet.

A bit of night that stayed behind
To glimpse the rising sun,
And blinded by the dazzling shine,
Frightened, turned to run.

The grey-clad witch who cloaks the morn;
A scarf dropped by the moon;
A dew-eyed angel, who, forlorn,
Sorrowing fleets so soon.

The magic smoke from fairy fire;
A cloud that's been star-kissed;
The clinging robe of a distant spire;
This—all this, is mist.

AN ODE TO SADDLEBACK SHOES

By Ferris and Richards, Inc.

This is your story, O, "saddlebacks",
And herein are all the salient facts;
In the annals of history, O shoes, you'll go down,
And just like Napoleon will claim renown.

If you could talk, O! what wouldn't you tell?
Of frequent hikes to a woodland dell;
Of picnics in springtime, in summer, in fall,
Of madly pursuing an old rubber ball.

You've jived to the rhythm of Krupa's drums,
And suffered with patience the vocalist's hums;
Goodman and Miller and the Dorseys two
Have recorded the ballads, the blues, for you.

Saddlebacks, saddlebacks, everywhere
You've taken in stride our relentless wear;
Tho you've suffered of yore from lack of attention,
We now admit that you've earned your pension.

1942 WAR PAINT

By Jane Granfield

Swell day out, looks like rain!
What do I care about who came?
My heavens! Why didn't you say
My boyfriend is waiting and here I stay?
Hair in curlers, oh, what a mess!
And just look at this sloppy dress.
Cold cream mixture hides my face;
Slip now hanging out of place;
Eyes are red from too much reading,
Just as though I had been weeping.
Hands are rough; nail polish chipping;
Placket on dress is always unzipping.
Old dirty slippers on my feet—
Gee! Don't I look just too darn sweet?
"Coming, darling, be down in a sec"
Just wait until I first-aid a wreck!"
A minute later, having made all repairs,
I feel it's safe to come downstairs.
Now I look truly like a dream,
Quite ready and willing to be seen.
The boy friend looks and whistles "whew!"
Do you look super, and I do mean you!"
He catches me as I start to faint—
I'm thanking my stars for modern war paint!

YOUTH---WAKE UP!

By Jayne Hearn

Come on gang—get to work!
It's your duty—do not shirk!
Help your country win this war,
Let victory be a triumphant chore.

Don't lose the battle
By careless prattle,
Don't lose your head,
Don't need to be led.
Be alert—pitch in—
Save that paper and that tin!

We need soldiers—not only men,
But women to help in equipping them;
We need home workers—boys and girls
Till battle is won and industry whirls.

In conclusion—let us say,
"Freedom is the fruitful pay.
Fight with all your might and main,
And victory will be the glorious gain."

A PLEDGE

By Phyllis Leonard '42

I will pledge my life to courage,
My heart to a worthy aim;
My hands to helpful service,
To enrich a dear friend's name.

I will pledge my brightest spirit
To dispel another's fear;
I will make my life more noble
With the sunshine of good cheer.

I will pledge my mind forever
To thoughts that are true and pure;
I will spend my time in learning
The things that long endure.

I will pledge my life to living
My very best each day;
And pray that God will lead me
In His humble, holy way.



OUR NEW RECRUIT

With thousands of men throughout the entire country leaving their positions every day to join our armed forces we at home are beginning to realize the part these individuals played in our every day life. Early this year, our librarian, Mr. Robert Newman, joined the Coast Artillery, and only this month we lost another one of our admired and respected instructors, Mr. James F. Davison, of the Science Department.

He was graduated from Dalton High School and St. Anselm's College, Manchester, New Hampshire. Later he attended summer school at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Cornell University. Then he came to P. H. S. as a science teacher and has been with us ten years. At the present time, he is undergoing the special eight weeks' period of intensive military training at Fort McClellan, Alabama.

We've heard the life of a buck private can become very lonesome, and we might drop him a few lines now and then to let him know what we are doing. His address is—

Private James F. Davison,
Co. B 25th Battalion, 1st Platoon,
Fort Mc Clellan,
Alabama.



By William Deminoff

A book which should provide some much-needed diversion is Richardson Wright's *Grandfather Was Queer*. It deals with the eccentricities of some of the late nineteenth century country gentlemen and gives humorous stories concerning the old-time waggery—that coarse form of humor which was prevalent throughout our New England countryside. Mr. Wright presents short, easily-digested tales which emanated from what he calls the three centers of American waggery—the general store, the tavern, and the barber shop. This book is truly an old-fashioned revival of grandfather's time—and a little before.

With practically all of American boyhood interested in aviation at present it is necessary that these youths have excellent opportunities to learn to fly. To gain this objective Lieut. G. B. Manly has contributed *Aviation From the Ground Up*, a compact volume which gives the theory of flight, aerial navigation, a dictionary of aviation words and terms, and many other interesting data concerning the present-day airplane.

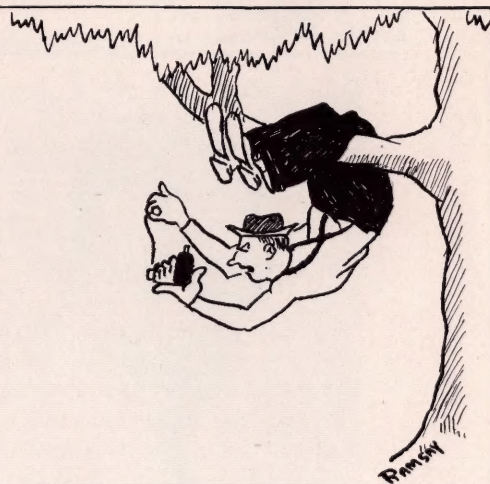
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Lavoisier by Sidney French.*Hidden Shoals* by Sara Ware Bassett.*You're the Show* by Clay Franklin.*Model Airplanes* by Joseph S. Ott.*Men Against Crime* by Henry Lysing.

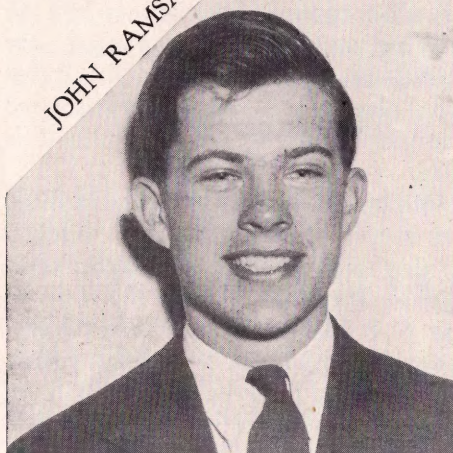
YE COMING ATTRACTIONS!

On June 5, the high school band under the direction of Mr. F. Carl Gorman will give a band concert in the auditorium. From the snappy tunes which escape through the open windows of the music room, this concert will be well received by all those who attend.

WHO'S WHO



JOHN RAMSAY



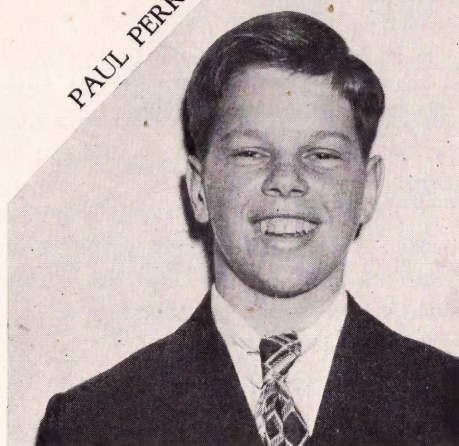
OH, JOHNNY!

Can you wiggle your ears? This is but one of John Ramsay's accomplishments. This lad is a member of the baseball team, president of Torch Hi-Y, the art editor for the Yearbook, and, to top it all, chairman of the Senior Banquet. Any characteristic in Johnny resembling a fondness for history quizzes is purely imaginary. On the other hand, present him with a large helping of strawberry shortcake and he will be in seventh heaven.

FUTURE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

Meet Paul Perry, diminutive and scholarly sophomore. He likes biology, science in general, and the good old outdoors, where he enjoys baseball, swimming, and skiing. He is an Eagle Scout of the B. S. A. Paul is on the staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN and hopes in the future to be a journalist. He is a member of the Debating Club and toots the clarinet in the school's band and orchestra. Swing music, dancing, blondes, aviation, "cokes", and roast chicken are his favorites.

PAUL PERRY



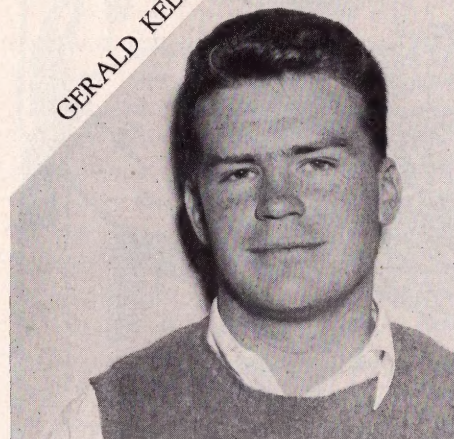
ALL-ROUND GIRL

This pert, little, dark haired senior is chockful of life and animation and is distinguished for her ability to blush prettily at the right moment. Try her and find out. Next September she is entering college for the purpose of majoring in physical education. If you want to get her excited, just lead the conversation around to chocolate cake, lemon pie, and the camp in Vermont where she is a counsellor—or to a certain red head.

RUTH WHITE



GERALD KELLEY



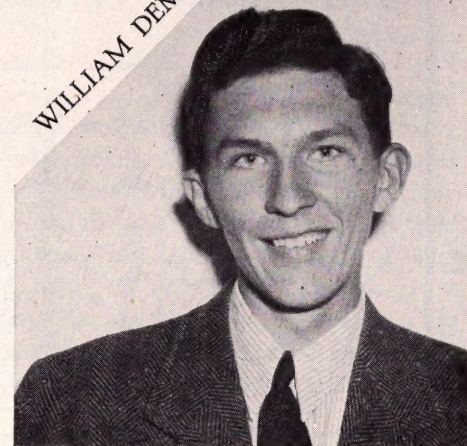
SUPERMAN!

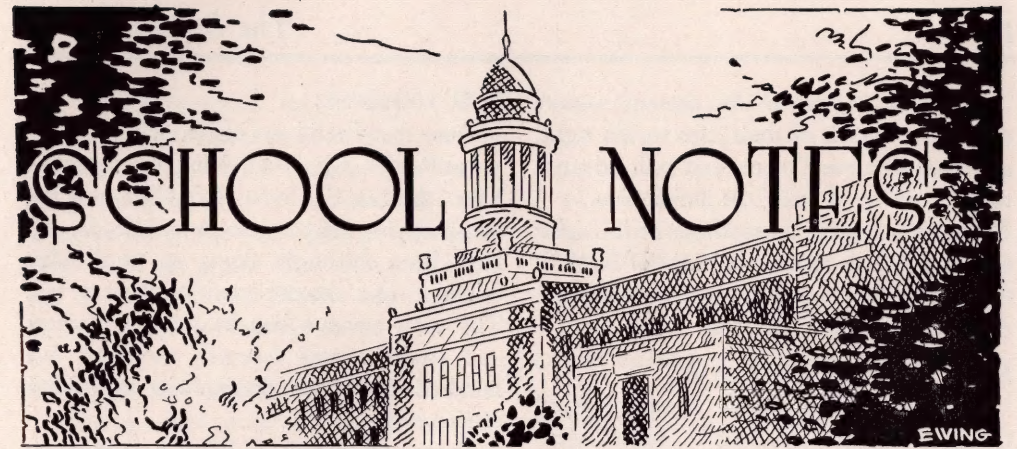
Here, folks, is a glowing likeness of "Superman". He's Jerry Kelley, and he claims that his favorite color is Kelley Green! Jerry, chairman of Senior Class Day has been a star on both the basketball and football teams. Jerry favors good cooks, especially those skilled in preparing corned beef and cabbage. Some day he hopes to be addressed as Top Sarge Kelley. Good luck, Jerry!

PIE EATER, EXTRAORDINARY

This, fellow students, is William Deminoff, editor of THE PEN's library column and capable financial manager of the recent senior operetta "Iolanthe." A product of Pontoosuc Junior High School, he informs us that Spanish and English are his favorite subjects, but we are told he does well in all his studies. Although he has nothing to say on the subject of girls, Bill does have plenty to say on the merits of his favorite food, a pineapple pie.

WILLIAM DEMINOFF





Gloria Cushman, Editor

Florence Ward, Irene Cooney, and June Cushman, Associate Editors

SENIOR NOTES

With only a few weeks of the school year remaining, the seniors are beginning to realize that their school days are drawing to a close. The banquet chairman was elected on May 14 when John Ramsay received the approval of the senior class. The gala event will be held at the Hotel Wendell on June 9. Dancing will follow the dinner at the gym. Julia Pedrotti was given the position as chairman of the invitation committee; Nolin Bilodeau, the caterer; William King, music; Beldon Shaffer, programs; Ida May Ewing, toasts; Irene Szymanski, reception; Jonathan Duker, decorations, and Allan MacIntyre, checking. John Wilkinson will be the toastmaster.

Class Day will be held, as usual, the day before the banquet. Gerald Kelley, chairman, is making arrangements for the tree planting.

JUNIOR NOTES

At last the long planned for junior prom is over, and even though the work of preparation was long and tedious, a good time was had by all. Congratulations to all the committees. To the decoration committee for the appropriate red, white, and blue trimmings (One hardly recognized the old gym). To the program committee for those clever programs with the right song dedicated to just the right people; to the refresh-

ment committee for the delicious food, (we heard they had quite a time making the punch) our thanks are due. Yes, the juniors can feel that they have done the job well, and the prom was "tops" to the dignified senior. Even gas rationing couldn't lower the spirits at P. H. S. There may have been doubling up in cars and a few cramped limbs, but nothing serious.

Now that the summer has really come upon us, the juniors are beginning to feel more like seniors every day. The first ring order will arrive soon, and the "jolly juniors" will be flaunting their rings before the dazzled sophs.

A SENIOR ADVISES THE SOPHS!

During the past year, little ones, your trials and tribulations have been great. You have taken the practical jokes of your upper-classmen, and have come back smiling—well, almost smiling. For ten months you have been underestimated by everyone. However, while you did miss the annual gym exhibition, you experienced your first operetta and your first gala formal, the junior prom. But the time has almost come when you will be an accepted class of the school. You will be given recognition by having class officers and class advisers all your own. For you will be *juniors* !!!

On June 14, when the present seniors change the tassels of their caps to the right, and thus become alumni, you will advance to the position of being the junior class.

But, youngsters, when those little frightened individuals ascend the steps of P. H. S. next fall, don't give them the *razzberry*. Accept them with open arms!

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

This club studied for the month of April the picture "Joan of Paris". Topics were also given on "Mr. Bug Goes to Town" by Patricia Watson and Eugene Deragon, and "All That Money Can Buy" by Donald Morey and Rolland Jones.

Claire Potter and Ethel Banner, who have been very active during their membership in the club, have moved out of town. Claire now goes to school in Springfield and Ethel to the New York City schools.

For the month of May "The Remarkable Andrew", "Jungle Book" and "The Invaders" was reviewed.

The supplementary sheet for the pamphlet was prepared by the following committee: Betty Nagleschmidt, chairman; and Grace Heyn, Patricia Watson, Eugene Deragon. The club year closed with the annual meeting with the president, Jess Davis, presiding. All the officers and chairmen of the various committees submitted reports and a social hour which followed was enjoyed by all.

PROTEINS? VITAMINS??

MINERALS???

In keeping with the times, the senior girls recently began a course in nutrition. The girls are divided alphabetically and are taught in the study halls by the Home Economics teachers. They are learning the necessary foods for a well balanced diet and the manner in which foods must be cooked in order to receive the full food value from them. They meet during the special "A" period when the senior boys are taking their aeronautics lessons.

FOR DEFENSE!

Since that fateful day of December 7, 1941, we at P. H. S. have been doing our utmost to help "the cause". Soon after Christmas we began buying defense stamps and bonds, and have been faithfully doing so until May when it was discontinued until next fall. The total amount bought by the teachers and students was fourteen thousand five hundred fifty nine dollars and eighty-five cents worth.

During the month of May, a great many students contributed their services in the sugar and gas rationing project—not to mention all the teachers who worked from early morning until late night that you might have sugar to eat and gasoline to drive your auto with.

All rooms have 100% book collection with the exception of rooms 7 and 14. Perhaps if we got after the boys in the shop room, they could find a few books that would make our entire school 100%.

SEEN AND HEARD AROUND SCHOOL

We've heard that Miss Kaliher's history tests are getting easier and easier. Only about 90% of the students flunked her last test. Mr. Hayes looked much surprised the other day when four girls entered his room carrying furniture. It was being used for gas rationing. "Beer Barrel Polka" is still the number one tune of the year. At least Felix Sacco thinks so. We've noticed that the waistlines on some of the girls are getting slimmer and slimmer. Can it be the effect of the sugar rationing? . . . We thought Irene Cooney and Joe Condron were "too palsy walsy" until we found out that they were cousins. Because a certain teacher refused to have her picture in the yearbook, Miss Pfeiffer had to resort to blackmail. One of P. H. S.'s twosomes was actually having a spat in front of 233 before the third period. Paul Garnish and Francis Foley are learning how to climb through windows.

Mr. Lynch received many laughs while posing for a picture in 204 one morning recently . . . With the senior boys taking the junior girls to the prom, and the junior boys escorting the soph girls the feminine members of the senior class were completely out of the picture. Never mind, girls—the Senior Ball isn't so far away!

MINUTE INTERVIEWS!

With the days of the seniors numbered at P. H. S., we are beginning to wonder just what they have become attached to during the three years they studied here. Let's ask a few of them "How they feel about leaving P. H. S. and what they will miss most?"

CLARENCE BROWER—"Guess Who?"

PAT FALLON—"Nights before the deadline."

IRENE COONEY—"The fourth period senior Math class."

DON RADKE—"The 'A' periods when I did so much homework (?)."

MARY HARWOOD—"I wouldn't mind graduating if Wesleyan were co-ed."

BILLY "SCACE" LITTY—"Those feuds with Mildred."

ANNE BURNES—"The gossip in the Girl's Room."

MARGARET GRUDER—"Getting out of scrapes."

ALMA KINGSLEY—"The night before one of Miss Kaliher's matching tests."

GENE SCOTT—"Gee, it will be swell to have a diploma."

FRANNY FOLEY—"After studying for twelve years, I'm due for a vacation."

ALICE WOOD—"Tables—and not furniture."

ED DALY—"Wondering whether Miss Daly will—or whether she won't."

KATHERINE WARREN—"I never minded school—once I got there."

PAUL GARNISH—"Everything except Miss Kaliher's matching Tests."

FLORENCE WARD—"Shakespeare!! but definitely."

ANNA ROBERTS—"The strolls with Bob."

BILLY RICE—"All the girls."

BARBARA CONROY—"The homework—Now we'll tell one."

NORMAN MCGEOCH—"Those feuds with Miss Kaliher."

HELEN BENEDICT—"The suspense before a hard test."

LOUISE ALDRICH—"Cleaning my locker."

SADLOWSKI MEMORIAL

The monument in Mary Redding Square which the people of Pittsfield placed in memory of a most worthy sailor bears the inscription—

"Roman Walter Sadlowski

United States Navy

Born June 15, 1920

Died December 7, 1941

Who gave his life at Pearl Harbor in defense of his country. His example will always remain an inspiration of faithful performance of duty."

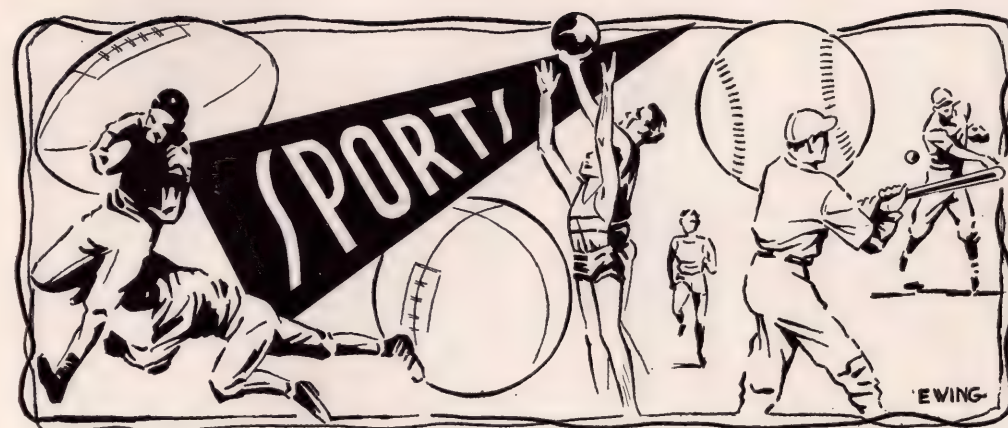
The boy to whom this memorial was dedicated, graduated from our school in June, 1939. He particularly liked baseball and football, but his participation in these sports was hindered by his desire to work in order to get aboard some ship. In 1940 he enlisted in the United States Navy and was sent to the Naval Training Station in Virginia. He studied there for a year and a half, and was finally given an assignment aboard the U. S. S. Oklahoma. At the time the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, Roman was aboard this ship which was docked in the harbor, and with the near approach of the enemies' planes, he carried out his duties. When the Oklahoma went down, Roman went down with her—he being the first American boy reported killed at Pearl Harbor.

We shall always hold the memory of this valiant sailor in our highest esteem, and hope that some day we shall be able to do something almost as noble. Roman Sadlowski—We at P. H. S. Salute You!



THE BASEBALL SQUAD

Front Row: Sexton, MacHaffie, Kreiger, Melledoe, Arliss, Morowski, Garvaldis, Zacari.
 2nd Row: Wallack, Bailey, Ramsay, Sammon, Tone, Boudreau, Morrell, King, Freehoffer.
 3rd Row: Pastore, Turner, Kasuba, Malloy, Roberts, Brown, Bowerman, Shelsey, Vachina, Dyer, Ringey.



P. H. S. TRACK TROOP OUTSTEPS BERKSHIRE 56½-53½

By Richard Carpino

On Saturday, May 9, the Berkshire track-team was brought to a standstill as its visitors from P. H. S. paved the way to victory through fine work in the sprinting, jumping, and hurling events of their opening meet of the season.

Although Berkshire was victorious in the low hurdle and 100-yard dash events, the tables were turned as P. H. S. captured the points in the mile, won by Blanchard; the half mile, won by Captian Whitham; and the quarter mile, taken by Bill Paulasky.

Realizing the lead that was checking its victory aim, the Berkshire squad struck back in the field events. Faruolo of Berkshire distinguished himself by tossing the pill 42 feet in the shot-put event.

Lanky Malcolm Carsley sent the discus plate sailing 124 feet to boost the P. H. S. score a little higher.

Berkshire retaliated again to take first place in the high jump, the pole vault, and the broad jump, struggling vainly to surpass the advantage of the P. H. S. boys.

In the javelin contest, Carsley hurled the "spear" 132 feet to aid his team once more in the victory march.

The result of the final phase of the track battle was pro-Berkshire, as the Purple and White tracksters were out-paced by a fast and plucky relay quartet.

P. H. S. OVERWHELMS WILLIAMSTOWN 10-2

By Tony Tagliente

In the first game of the Northern Berkshire League, Pittsfield High outslugged and in general mistreated a Williamstown nine on our home diamond. Our boys were led in the main by Tony Procopio and Capt. Bob Tone, who each had a home run besides other hits.

Leo Sammon was superb on the mound until the fifth inning when he seemed to be tiring. Therefore, Procopio came in from right field to take his place. He was complete master of the situation. In fact, he so dominated the opposition that there wasn't one hit during the rest of the game. This bit of work gained Tony the first string pitching assignment. Pittsfield was also great on the field as the team did not make one error.

The newcomers to the team kept pace with the veterans, and this is a sign that says, "Northern Berkshire Championship just around the corner." In fact, at this writing, Pittsfield has sole possession of first place without a defeat either in the league or out. Our only competitor to worry about is Adams. The Polish boys dumped us twice, both in football and basketball. But the diamond athletes say, "We'll be darned if they do it in baseball."

CRANWELL NINE WEAK, P. H. S. WINS 11-2

By Donald Morey

Pittsfield High's baseball combine easily threw back the Southern Berkshire invader, Cranwell Prep, to the tune of 11-2. The game was played at Clapp Park in Pittsfield under the scorching rays of the April sun.

It was a case of a strong team coming into contact with a much weaker foe. Pittsfield had no trouble at all in producing runs. Six were compiled in the opening frame, another in the second, and Coach Stewart's men climaxed their scoring with four tallies in the third. From that time forward there was very little to rouse the spirits of the on-lookers. At the end of seven innings the game was mercifully called by mutual agreement. Prior to the contest the victor's ability was unknown. Now after its first home game it can be decided that it will be very difficult to dislodge it as the county champ.

The individual stars for Pittsfield were Sophomore Dick Zaccari, who pitched well for the winner, and infielders King and Bailey, who made a pair of hits apiece and between them scored five runs.

PITTSFIELD BLANKS DRURY 5 to 0

By Ralph Ringey

Turning on the heat and making four of its runs in the ninth inning, Pittsfield High defeated Drury at Noel Field on Saturday, May 9th, 5 to 0.

The first eight innings passed with only one lucky run brought about by a scratch hit, errors and finally a balk, as Billy King unnerved the pitcher Collins.

Tony Procopio starred throughout the entire game by his excellent pitching, considering that it was his first pitching assignment of any length, having twirled only two innings in the Williamstown game. The first hit in the ninth frame was made by Procopio, this also being his first hit of the game.

Rallying with "Toe's" line single to cen-

ter, Coach Stewart's squad began pounding the ball in different directions against Collins' pitching. Although Collins had only three strikeouts, with his slow curve and straight ball he allowed only three outfield hits during the first seven innings.

Drury fans and players missed their star hurler, Joe Rossi, who was ineligible until the Monday following the game. If he had been on the mound, the score and story might well have been different.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Patricia Fallon

BOWLING TOURNAMENT

Bowling, one of the most popular girls' sports this year, has come to an end. Before the season ended, a tournament was held to determine the bowlers of the season. Twelve high scorers were chosen from all who bowled and they are as follows: Wanda Woitkoski, Jennie Morowski, Ruth Calkins, Helen John, Marion Blowe, Yvonne Carmel, Alvira Bianchi, Betty Roy, Jane Helliwell, Jean Simmons, Rosylen Cohen and Betty Nagelschmidt.

From this group three girls won high honors: Elvira Bianchi, first, with an average of 96. Jean Simmons placed second, her average, 91. Wanda Woitkoski came in a half point behind, 90½, to place third.

AFTER SCHOOL

This year, due to the many days out of school, our gym program for after school sports has been interrupted quite a bit. Because of this the sophomores have not had practice in badminton, and as yet we do not know if there will be a tournament.

The Softball tournament, which is usually over about this time, was delayed, and the results of this contest will be a deciding factor in awarding numerals. We are sure already that Wanda Woitkoski, Frances Londergan and Dorothy Miller will receive numerals for their outstanding athletic ability.



SO what if you can't have all the new dresses and play outfits you may want! Fix up the ones you have and make them spell Y-O-U.

Gadgets in the form of jewelry, or a new belt is often all a dress needs to give it that brand new air. For instance take a bright colored belt of a fairly good width and march a gaudy looking plastic zoo right around your waist line. The effect is adorable—but you won't know unless you try it. Money belts are also the rage from the United States Marines right on down through all of Uncle Sam's armed forces to the colleges and high schools. And here's another trick that always works out well. Get two dog collars and fasten them together and presto! bango! whee!—a neat belt to wear on dresses, skirts, or slacks. The more you pay for your dog collars, more hard wear and a better grade of leather you will get, but the choice is entirely up to you and one is as snappy looking as the other. Another cute idea for a belt on your favorite pair of slacks which, by the way, are getting a powerful lot of use these days; is to take a huge long scarf of a shrieking, contrasting color, or one done in blazing stripes and tie it snug around your waist, letting the ends fall loosely to one side.

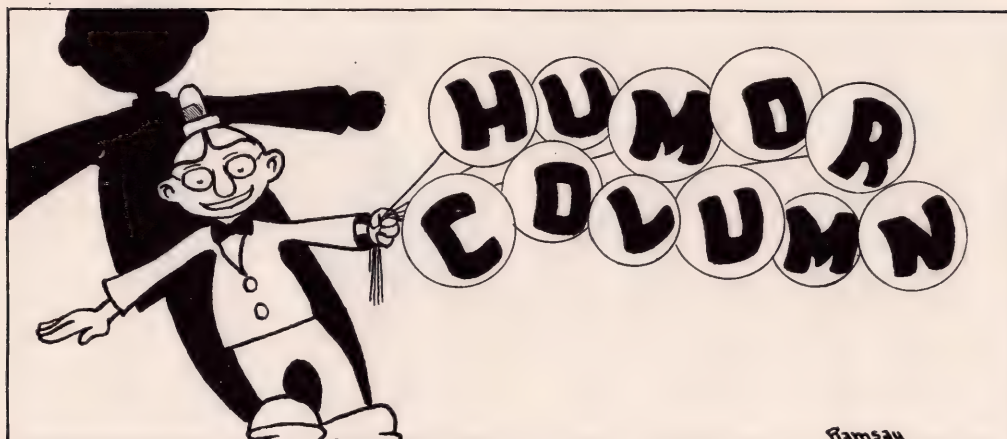
The Senior Banquet is well on its way and for many girls that means a new gown

that will also be used for the numerous summer formals that are already being planned and anticipated. I don't want to seem pessimistic, but it may be your last one for quite a while so choose it carefully with both eyes open to the uses to which you can put it. As much as you want something exotic, try to restrain yourself. The peasant and shirt-waist styles come in enough variations to please even the most critical of us. In this department also, the chintzes are running wild for good reasons—wonderful patterns and they're almost all washable. For other cottons there are piques, dotted swiss, dimity and oodles more and many of these can be washed within the time it takes to wink your eyes and with no more trouble than rolling off a log. The outcome of it all is that you look fresh as a daisy and feel twice as good. Long multi-colored beads and matching bracelets are being worn a great deal with summer-formals to freshen them up and zip.

It's the style to use your ingenuity.

Gal to Gob: "Would you come to my aid in distress?"

Gob: "My dear, it wouldn't make any difference to me what you were wearing."



Mr. Wimple to Boss: "Sir, don't you think it's about time I got a raise?"

Boss: "I put one in your envelope last week."

Mr. Wimple: "Oh! why doesn't 'sweetie-face' tell me these things."

Mr. Smith: "Jones, can you tell me who built the Sphinx?"

Bob Jones: "I did know but I forgot."

Mr. Smith: "How unfortunate, the only living man today who knew has forgotten it."

Prof.: "Oxygen is essential to all animal existence. Life would be impossible without it. Yet, it was discovered only a hundred years ago."

Bright Soph: "What did they use before it was discovered?"

There is always a tie between father and son—the son usually wears it.

TRUE?

Dick: "The minute my girl catches sight of a nice, big, handsome lifeguard, she decides that she wants him for a 'buoy' friend."

PROBLEM

Given: I love you.

Prove: You love me.

Proof: (1) I love you.

(2) Hence,—I am a lover.

(3) The world loves a lover.

(4) To me, you are the world

(5) Solution:—Therefore, you love me.

Mr. Herrick: "DiPaul, how far were you from the correct answer?"

Di Paul: "Only four seats, Mr. Herrick!"

PUZZLING

Judith: "I can't figure it out. Why does Jean insist on an aviator husband?"

Mart: "The only solution I can guess at is that she thinks no man on earth is good enough for her."

TRY IT

Some girls use:

A pill to get rid of a headache

A headache to get rid of a pill

Q. What made the lobster blush?

A. He spied the salad dressing.

June, 1942

25

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